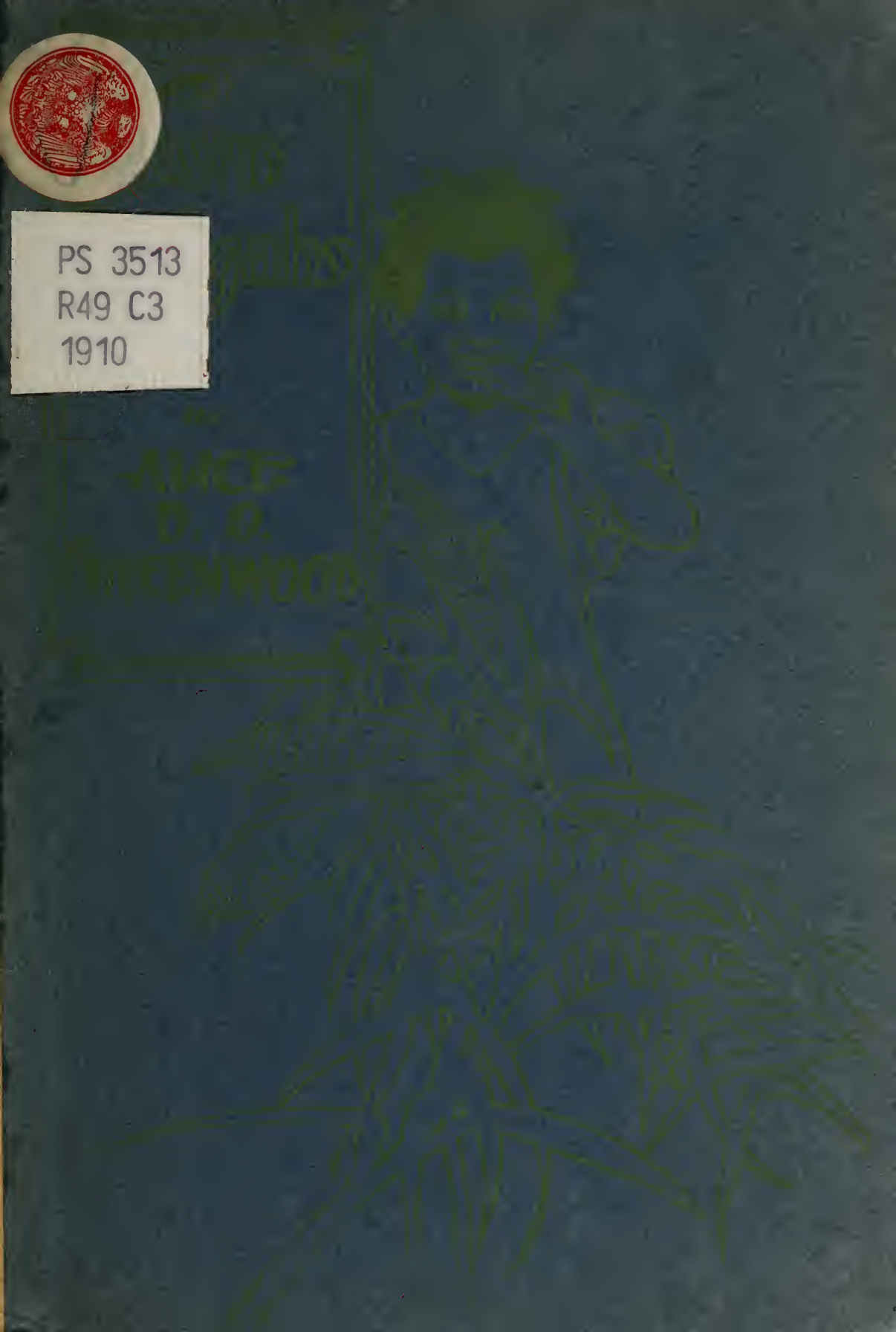

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CAWN DODGAHS

BY

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CAWN DODGAHS

INTRODUCEMENT

Chris'mas gif to ebrybody;
  But it 'peahs to me as if
Dese aint fittin' fo' to offah
  White fo'ks fo' dah Chris'mas gif'.

Howsomebbah Ise done mak 'em
  Hopin' dat yo' 'joy 'em sum;
He'p yo'sef, an' don' be back'ard,
  Plenty mo' wha dese come frum.

CAWN DODGAHS

CHRIS'MAS GIF'

I don' hankah arter money,
'Ceptin' only once a yeah;
Den I wush I'se wof a million,
Fo' it hu'ts me right in huh
When ma li'le pickaninnies
Hollahs, "Mammy, Chris'mas gif'!"
An' I'se not got airy coppah
Fo' to buy dem presen's wif.

CAWN DODGAHS

Da's Rastus, an' John Henry,
An' li'le Rosy Lee;
Da ain' no bettah chilluns,
Ef da does berlong to me.
Ob coase I knows da's cullad,
But, sho! day ain' to blame;
Da Mastah made 'em dat way,
An' da's humans jis de same.

CAWN DODGAHS

Des yonda is a dollah
In dat teapot on de she'f;
I knows it kase I 'arned it,
An' put it da mase'f;
An' sabed it jis a pu'pose
Fo' to buy some nicknacks wif,
To sprise dem pickaninnies
When da hollahs, "Chris'mas gif'!"

CAWN DODGAHS

I kain' ha'dly wait fo' Chris'mas,
I'se so anxious fo' to see
De way dem li'le coons'll dance,
An' hug an' kissen me.
Oh, da'll sholy cut de capahs—
Why, de roof'll fahly lif
When da sees de presen's comin'
An' da hollahs, "Chris'mas gif'!"

CHRIS'MAS EBE

De groun' am white an' de aih am chill,
  But de fiah bu'ns bright an' de house am wa'm,
An' ma li'le pickaninnie, soon he will
  Come in wif a whoop f'om out de sto'm.

Dah's plenty to eat on de buttry she'fs,
  An' mouvs to eat it, an' appetite.
When de cho'es is done we kin res' ou'sefs
  'Thout hafin to go out doo's to-night.

CAWN DODGAHS

Wif ma ole man settin' jis ovah dah,
An' dat pickaninnie to dance an' sing,
I sets in ma squeaky rockin' chah,
An' wouldn' swop places wif de King.

CAWN DODGAHS

But sometimes I wondah ef de good Lawd knows
Dat somewhus outside in de col' an' sleet,
Das poh li'le chilluns wif no wa'm cloas—
Wande'in' about in de weakid street.

'Scuse me, Lawd, if I maks too bole,
But somehow or nuddah I kaint beliebe
Dat yo'd luf 'em out dah in de rain an' cole,
Ef yo' node da was suffe'in dis Chris'mas ebe.

CAWN DODGAHS

CAWN DODGAHS

I DON' LIKE TO HEAH FOLKS GROWLIN'

I don' like to hea' folks growlin'
  Kase de weatheh aint jis so.
Frost's what mellahs up de simmons,
  Rain's what maks de goobahs grow.
Fudahmo', de wateh-million
  Quiahs a climate sissin' hot,
An' I 'low dat folks am needin'
  All dese changes, like as not.

CAWN DODGAHS

Ef de Lawd mak Mistah Adam
Outen jis a lump o' clay,
'Peahs to me dat qualifies Him
Fo' to run things His own way.
I don' wanto change de prograance
An' go kicken up a muss,
Kase I aint done had no 'sperience,
An' I'd sholy mak things wuss.

CAWN DODGAHS

'Spose de Lawd'd say, "Now, chilluns,
Yo' kin gib dis thing a whul;
I'se a gwin to tiah f'om bisness;
'Spects yo' all to run de wo'l."
Mak de rain, an' mak de sunshine,
Mak de springtime an' de fall,
Mak de whole blame durn kerpoodle,
I's not gwin' to wuk a'tall.

CAWN DODGAHS

I don' bl'ebe da's one amongs' yo'
Ol' o' young, o' blind o' lame,
But what thinks he'd hab de Mastah
Skun a mile at His own game.
No one in dis confligration
But what 'magins he'd play hob
Ef de Lawd'd tiah f'om bisness,
An' jis gib him up de job.

CAWN DODGAHS

Suff'in Moses! what yo' reckon
Dat yo' igermance would do?
Chil', why da' might hawns an' feathas
An' a tail grow out on yo'.
What yo' know about de cosmic
Ob dis fundimental speah?
Why yo'd bust de weathah bureau—
'Coase yo' would—inside a yeah.

CAWN DODGAHS

Yo' don' know de combination,
  An' you would wifout a doubt
Haf to bust de bureau open
  Fo' to let de weathah out.
Den de 'sycologic function
  C'lidin' wid de sesmic fo'ce
Would esplode de constitution
  An' we'd 'vaporate, ob coase.

CAWN DODGAHS

Now de Mastah's run dis bisness
  Gwin on fo' million yuh,
An' he'd ortah hab his han' in,
  Ortah know jis when and whuh
Fo' to tetch de 'lectric button;
  But it sometimes 'peahs to me
Dat He gits a little rattled—
  Den things mixes up, yo' see.

CAWN DODGAHS

Tak,' fo' instance, de extruction
Ob San Frisco, do yo' low
Dat de Mastah done dat puppos,
Jis to show yo' He node how?
No, He didn' go to do it.
'Twas an accident, ob coase,
An' yo' couldn' 'vince dis chicken
Ef yo'd argy tell yo's hoase.

CAWN DODGAHS

An' yo' mawk what dis chile tole yo',
When dem Frisco victims rise
An' stan' up afo' de Mastah,
Da'll be teahs in Mastah's eyes,
An' He'll tell 'em how dat somefin'
Got wrong with de runnin' geahs,
An' He'll mak it all up to 'em
Ef it take a fousan' yeahs.

CAWN DODGAHS

CAWN DODGAHS

MAMMY'S LI'L WOOLLY HAID

Mammy's li'l woolly haid settin' in de doah,
Reachin' an' a cryin' fo' de moon.
What yo' low it's made ob? What yo' want it fo'?
'Peahs yo'all's beginnin' powe'ful soon
Fo' to cry fo' somethin' dat's clean out o' reach—
Dat's de way us ol'er chilluns do.
Bress yo' hawt, ma honey! Mammy's li'l peach,
Moonses wasn't made fo' sich as yo'.

Bye by, shet yo' eye,
Lissen what yo' mammy's gwine to say.
Snuggle close an' res',
Right huh on ma bres',
Mammy keep de boogah-man away.

CAWN DODGAHS

Mammy's li'l woolly haid sleepin' mighty soun';
Stahs a blinkin' fro de cabin doah,
Moon a splashin' whitewash ovah all de groun',
Nevah see sich night as dis afoh.
'Peahs like all de angels had de candles lit,
Fo' de kintry's mos' as light as day.
Whup-poah-will a yellin' zo his throat'd split;
Wind among de cotton seems to say

Bye by, shet yo' eye,
Lissen what yo' mammy's gwine to say.
Snuggle close an' res',
Right huh on ma bres',
Mammy keep de boogah-man away.

CAWN DODGAHS

Mammy's li'l woolly haid sleepin' 'powful sweet,
Moon a shinin' on de cabin floh,
Kivered haid to foot wid a snow-white sheet;
Nevah see him lay so still afoh.
Pooty bunch o' posies in his li'l fist,
Mammy's teahs a fallin' jis like rain
On de chubby fingahs dat she's kissed an' kissed;
Nevah sing to woolly haid again.

Bye by, shet yo' eye,
Lissen what yo' mammy's gwine to say.
Snuggle close an' res',
Right huh on ma bres',
Mammy keep de boogah-man away.

CAWN DODGAHS

UNCLE RASTUS'S 'SCRIPTION

Look hea', sonney, let yo' uncle
  Tole yo' jis a fing o' two.
I's been libin' on dis planet
  Li'l longah, chile, dan yo',
An' ben lookin' roun' da conahs
  Takin' squinticks at it all,
An' I's larned dis much fo' sartin,
  Whinin' nevah he'ps a tall.

CAWN DODGAHS

'Coase I knows dah's plenty trouble
To go roun' an' hab some lef',
An' dah aint no use to borry
When yo's got enuff yo'sef.
An' I knows dah's rattlesnakeses,
An' dah's watah mocksins, too,
But I aint a huntin' foh 'em;
I's got som'fin else to do.

CAWN DODGAHS

When I hunts, I hunts fo' good fings—
'Possums, coons an' like o' dat;
I fites shy o' skeery critters,
Glad dah is whu dah is at.
S'posin' yo' try dat dah 'scription,
An' jis hunt fo' somefin good;
Lawzy, chil', yo'd be as happy
As a June bug, ef yo' would.

CAWN DODGAHS

CAWN DODGAHS

YO'NS WAS BAWN FO' TO DIE

I takes my tex' frum de good ole book,
"Yo'ns was bawn fo' to die."
Now I hopes yo' membahs dis tex' I'se took,
Kase yo'ns was bawn fo' to die.

CAWN DODGAHS

What will yo' do wid yo' riches den?
Kaint take 'em wid yo', wimmen an' men;
What will yo' do wid all yo' fine close?
Kaint take along only one suit o' dose.
Jis recommembah what de good book say,
Rich man caint go to hebben no way.
Den wha's de use'n all dis fuss?
Bettah be a he'pin' some po' cuss.
See dat bruddah dah, totin' dat load?
Frow dem stones all outen his road;
Grab right holt an' hep him erlong,
Whistle a tune ur sing him a song.
'N, if he's hungry, he'd orter be fed,
Dar'll be 'possums an' hoecakes when yo's dead.
Kase yo'ns was bawn fo' to die.

CAWN DODGAHS

'Peahs yo' fo'gits dah's a jedgment day,
When yo' goes prancin' by dat way,
Wif yo' head in de aih, steppin' so high;
'Peahs yo' fo'gits dat yo's got to die.
De wo'ms don' caih how fine yo's dress,
An' da'll smack dah lips on yo', same as de res';
If yo' wanter be sho dat yo' name's writ down
In de Lawd's big book fo' de gol'en crown,
Yo' mus' hoe yo' cawn to de end ob de row,
Kase de obeseah am sho' to know;
An' when de night comes an' de Lawd He say,
"What dis niggah been about all day?"
Den de obeseah gits his book and reads
Dat yo's lef' yo' cawn all choke wid weeds;
An' de Lawd look sorrowful den an' say,
"Yo' haden't orter lef' yo' cawn dat way,
Kase yo'ns was bawn fo' to die."

CAWN DODGAHS

Den yo' say, "Yes, Lawd, dat's sho 'nuff,
But away back dah wha' de fiel's was rough
An' de clods was ha'd an' de weeds was tall
An' de cawn was ornry like an' small,
De thawns hu't ma feet, an' de briahs, too,
An' I 'lowed 'twouldn't make no odds to yo',
So I jis sot down dah, side o' de road,
To res' a spell, an' de fus' I know'd
'Twas da'k an somebody hollered, 'Sam!'
So I comed right along an' hea I am.
But if yo'll le'me go back dah jis once mo',
I'll pull dem weeds out dis time sho."
But de Lawd he shake his haid an' say,
"Dis bus don't run only jis one way."
Den de gate slam to wif a nawful crash,
An' yo's locked out wif de po' white trash.
Yo'ns was bawn fo' to die.

CAWN DODGAHS

But if yo' hoe yo' cawn as yo'd orter do,
In coase de good Lawd'll know dat, too,
An' he'll meet yo' den wif a smile on his face,
An say, "I'se done an' kep yo' place."
He'll gib yo' a banjo wif a thousand strings,
A long linnen dustah, an' a pai' o' wings,
An' yo' face'll shine like de big full moon;
Dah'll be no mo' wuk fo' dat po' ole coon.
An' he'll gib yo' a seat in a cushen chai'
An' de waitah'll han' yo' de bill ob faih;
Yo'll odah den what yo' likes de mos'—
Sweet potatah an' possum roas',
An' yo'll eat an' drink till yo' git yo' fill
An' de Lawd himse'f will foot de bill.
Yo'ns was bawn fo to die.

CAWN DODGAHS

Dar'll be meetin' at airly candle light,
In dis huh school house tomorrah night.
May de grace ob de Lawd be wif yo' den,
Now an' fo' ebbah. Amen, Amen.

WUSH YO'S DAID ?

Chawles Augustas, don' yo' le'me
  Hea' yo' mak' dat mawk no moh.
"Wush yo's daid"? Why, suffe'in Moses!
  What yo' wantah be daid fo'?

Don' yo' know da sun am shinin'?
  Kaint yo' hea' de mawkbud sing?
Aint de millions lookin' scrumptious?
  Don' yo' know dat dis am Spring?

CAWN DODGAHS

Cat fish dai'n yo' to cotch 'em,
Grinnin' kase da think yo's 'fraid;
An' yo' brack ongrateful lummix
Lay dah wushin' yo' was daid!

CAWN DODGAH

Go an' cut yo'se'f a fish pole—
  Yo' knows wheh, down in da cane;
Dig some bait an' go a fishin',
  Don' lay dah, boy, an' complain.

O' go hoe dem sweet potatohs—
  Da is plenty wuk to do;
Cotton whispahin, Ch-a-w-l-e-s Au-g-u-s-t-a-s!
  An' da cawn a beckonon' yo'.

CAWN DODGAHS

SOMEBODY'S GWIN TER COME

Kotch dat hen an' roas' huh quick,
Sally's drapped da puddin' stick—
Somebody's gwin ter come.
When yo' hea' dat roostah crow,
Wid his eye right on da doah,
Dat's anothah sign, fo' sho—
Somebody's gwin ter come.

CAWN DODGAHS

See dat brack cat switch his tail?
Nevah node dat sign ter fail—
Somebody's gwin ter come.
Hyuh dat brindle cow a mooin'?
An' dah tu'ttle dove a cooin'?
Mammy, we mus' be a doin'—
Somebody's gwin ter come.

CAWN DODGAHS

Sou'f win' whispah fro de cain,
'Pears jis like dat it am sayin'—
"*Somebody's gwin ter come.*"
When dem whip-poh-willses hollahs,
Viney's eyes shine bright as dollahs;
Boys, git on yoh papah colla's—
Somebody's gwin ter come.

* * *

CAWN DODGAHS

What I tol' yo'? Looky yandah;
See dat long legg yallah gandah?
Somebody's gwin ter come.
Mak' yo' mannahs to dat suit,
An' dat shiney hat ter boot.
Chilluns, jis git up an' scoot—
Somebody sho has come.

CAWN DODGAHS

PLAY YO' FIDDLE, LET IT RAIN

Look hyuh, honey, dah's no sense in
  Yo' a ponchin' out yo' mouf
An' a lookin' woebergondish
  Kase de win' am in de souf;
S'pose it does mean rainy wethah?
  Bress yo', chile, dis roof don' leak;
An' dah's mos' cawn meal an' bacon
  In de house to las' a week.

CAWN DODGAHS

'Peahs to me dat yo's ongrateful,
  Dah's no 'casion to complain.
Bacon, cawn meal, sawgum lasses—
  What's de reason it kaint rain?
Jis yo' git down yo' ole fiddle,
  Stop yo' growlin', hol' yo' jaw,
An' while mammy's makin' cawn pone,
Yo' play "Turkey in de Straw."

CAWN DODGAHS

Dat's right; chune her up permiscus!
Now jis gib de ole thing fits,
Bacon, cawn meal, sawgum lasses,
(Sides all dat, I'se got two bits.)
We's mos' millionaireses, honey!
An' it's weakid ter complain;
Lots ter eat, an' plenty money,
We kin' foa'd to let it rain.

CAWN DODGAHS

WHEN OU' LUCINDY SINGS

Da mockinbi'd an' robin,
  Da thrush an' meddah-la'k,
Jis' stop an' seem to lissen,
  Da crows all hollah "ha'k,"
An' ebry bi'd amongst 'em
  Sets up an' folds his wings,
An' Nater whispahs "silence,"
  When ou' Lucindy sings.

CAWN DODGAHS

Yo' thoughts go slidin' backard
An' somehow yo' seems to be
A li'l pickaninny,
Yo' haid on mammy's knee;
Yo' fo'gits about yo' trubbles,
An' all tha hu'ts an' stings,
An' somehow thinks o' angels,
When ou' Lucindy sings.

CAWN DODGAHS

Da tell us obah yandah,
  Close beside da Jaspah sea,
Dah's a city full o' music;
  But it somehow seems to me
Dat da angels won't be in it—
  Lak da bi'ds da'll fold da wings
An' jis' set still an' lissen,
  When ou' Lucindy sings.

CAWN DODGAHS

LONY, LONY BIG MAN

Lony, lony big man!
Oh, be keerful dah;
Don' go cuttin' rustics, o' yo'll fall.
Take ol' mammy's fingah,
Lebe go ob dat chai',
Dat aih aint no way to walk a tall.

CAWN DODGAHS

Loney, loney, loney,—
Da yo' goes agin;
Bust yo haid wide open pooty soon.
Oh, yo' li'l rascal,
Don' yo' stand' an' grin;
Sholy yo's one happy li'l coon.

CAWN DODGAHS

Lony, lony, lony,—
Now yo's down fo' sho,
Mammy's pow'ful sorry dat yo' fell;
Da, don' cry, ma honey,
Mammy whup da flo',
Den her'll kiss de place an mak' it well.

CAWN DODGAHS

GITTIN' OLE

"Gittin' ole?" Yo's sholy jokin';
Why, I'se only sebenty-fibe.
I don' call dat gittin' ole, chile,
Clah to gracious! sakes alibe!
I'se not ha'dly got ma growf yit;
Larnin' somefin' ebry day.
An' I'se jis a feelin' scrumptious,
Gittin' ole? Sho, chile, go way!

CAWN DODGAHS

"Gittin' ole?" Now, stop dat foolin';
Yo' knows bettah, coase yo' do,
Kase ma jints is jis as limbah
An' I'se mose as spry as yo'.
'Taint de yea's dat folks libs, honey,
Leastways dat's what I'se been tole;
Hit's jis somefin' on de inside
Keeps yo' young o' maks yo' ole.

CAWN DODGAHS

Ef de milk ob human kin'ness
In yo' breas' hab tu'ned to whey,
An' yo' 'lows dat all, 'cept yo' all's,
Gittin' worser ebry day,
An' yo' whine, an' keep a whinin'
Kase da wo'ld hab used yo' tuff,
Den yo' ma'k what dis chile tole yo',
Yo'll git ole, den, fas' enuff.

CAWN DODGAHS

Ef yo' wan' to keep it sweet, chile,
I'll done tole yo' what to do;
Tak' a hol' an' he'p de fellah
Dat is worser off den yo'.
Ef da's nothin' yo' kin spare him,
Yo' kin mak him understood
By jis squeezin' ob his han', chile',
Dat yo'd lak to ef yo' could.

CAWN DODGAHS

Den yo'll go away a feelin'
  Moughty tendah roun' de hea't;
It's a heap o' satisfactun
  Fo' to know yo's done yo' pawt.
An', honey, reckomembah
  Dis' yere precep' dat I'se tole,
Long's de hea't am keepin' tendah
  Dah's no chanct fo' gittin' ole.

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